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Brown Bros.

SIDNEY AND BEATRICE WEBB

"Granted all the errors and crimes that have accompanied the Russian Revolution, it is the one civilization in the world today in which there is well-nigh universal hope, well-nigh universal exhilaration"... *(See page 3)*

"But a communism which operates an inquisition on grounds indistinguishable from those of its predecessor does a disservice which the Webbs place in a wholly inadequate perspective" . . . *(See page 4)*

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nce Sheet of a New Civilization

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

HAROLD J. LASKI

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nent. Th is a continuous rise in the curve of material well-being. Illiteracy has been finally conquered. An end has been made of things like anti-Semitism and the color war. In such fields as crime and racial relations discoveries have been made, and applied, which I believe to be of seminal importance to the world. Although I shall make in later paragraphs important qualifications of the statement, I do agree, broadly, with the conclusion reached by Mr. and Mrs. Webb in their just published "Soviet Communism,"* that the salvation of mankind depends upon its adoption of the principles of Russian social organization. It represents, in my judgment, the next stage in the evolution of any political society which wishes, first, to be the master of its own destiny, and, second, to make its relations of production correspond to the possibilities of its forces of production. Only by the acceptance of its premises can we hope to solve that paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty which is now the curse of capitalist civilization.

"Soviet Communism" is being deservedly hailed as by all odds the most remarkable book its great theme has so far produced. It has all the merits which have made the Webbs the supreme English sociologists of our time. It is based on massive investigation. It sees its subject as a whole. It has the Webb "flair" for the way the institutions work. There is hardly an aspect of Soviet civilization that is left untouched and it is fair to say that there is no aspect discussed upon which they do not shed illumination. No one is entitled to speak of Russia who has not read this book. It marks a definite epoch in the understanding of the greatest historical event since the French Revolution.

The substance of Mr. and Mrs. Webb's conclusions may be briefly summarized. They salute the results of the Revolution as definitely beneficent. They deny that the system is a dictatorship of the classic kind; on the contrary, they believe that a more real democracy exists in Russia than in any country in the world. They think that Soviet experience has demonstrated the possibility of successful planning, once the instruments of production are publicly owned. They are impressed by the depth and extent of Soviet experience in judicial work, in education, in public medicine, in the organization of technical and scientific research. They believe that what they happily term "the vocation of leadership" marks a turning point in the evolution of social forms. They clearly regard the appeal of communism as not less profound than that of the historic religions, which it has, indeed, been largely successful in replacing. They are satisfied that a generally classless society is in process of construction, and that only defeat in war can prevent its successful achievement. They argue that, sooner or later, the world will have to imitate the ends and the technique of the new Russia. How that imitation will be accomplished they do not attempt to decide. So stark a summary necessarily does grave injustice to the richness of the material with which the Webbs support their conclusions. For my own part, save for certain important exceptions, I see no answer to their case.

Having said so much, let me turn to one phase of the Webbs' book in which I think their treatment is defective. They speak with some sharpness of that "disease of orthodoxy" which afflicts the ruling party in Russia, and it is evident that they recognize the desirability of a greater intellectual freedom than Russia now enjoys. They are not, either, happy over some of the activities of the G. P. U., though I note that they accept the orthodox interpretation of what followed the recent Kirov assassination. On both counts, I think, Mr. and Mrs. Webb have taken the evidence far too lightly. Ideological differences have been penalized in Russia with a drastic severity it is impossible to defend. A controlled uniformity of thought has been produced by the relentless working of the party machine which is incompatible with the best creative work and difficult for the best of Russia's own friends to defend. I give two examples. I agree with the Webbs that in the doctrinal conflict between Stalin and Trotsky the former was right and the latter wrong; more, I think it probable that Stalin's victory was necessary to the salvation of the Revolution. But that does not

* *SOVIET COMMUNISM: A New Civilization? By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1936. 2 *vols.* $7.50.

Next Week

WEALTH AND CULTURE
By EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
Reviewed by Charles A. Beard

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI
By ELSWYTH THANE
Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott

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justify the way in which post-1927 Soviet historians have deliberately falsified the history of 1917-22 in order to magnify the part Stalin then played and to diminish the role of Trotsky. Men who produce history to order must play with truth in a way fatal to honesty. Anyone who reads such party histories as those which go under the names of Yaroslavsky and of Popov and compare them with that produced some twenty years ago under official auspices by Linoviev will realize that the censorship the change has implied is definitely discreditable to the present rulers of Russia. It is also, I think, fruitless; for the pre-1927 evidence which exists outside Russia is fatal to the acceptance of such falsifications. I do not doubt that Stalin is a remarkable man. But I do not think, either, that his legacy to world socialism will be all that it might be if his supporters magnify his achievement by methods like these. He is, I believe, too big a man to need them; and men who stoop to these methods for the retention of power do profound moral injury to the cause they represent.

My second instance is the exile of political prisoners amid circumstances of great harshness. Some of them are Zionists—I write as one with little interest in Palestine—who ask only for the chance to go to Palestine. They are prevented from doing so and are often treated in a way that dishonors the regime. This is true, also, of the treatment of many social democrats, as I can myself testify from personal knowledge. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, I think, treat this body of evidence far too light-heartedly. They seem to have no conception either of the price mankind has had to pay for such liberty of thought as it has won or of the cost its suppression has always involved. A great deal of my energy is devoted to protest against German and Italian brutality to Jews and communists; I think I have no moral alternative but to protest. For me, while Thälmann, Ossietsky, and their like remain in prison all of us remain in prison also. But how can I comfortably join with communists in attack upon their jailers, when, without any trial, hundreds of Russians, none of whom is guilty of any act against the Soviet government, have been imprisoned not less relentlessly there? Mr. and Mrs. Webb have no answer to this problem. It is one which makes their denial of a dictatorship in Russia futile; for if Russia were not a dictatorship it would not need methods of this kind to assure its authority.

That it is necessary to deal sternly with men who plot the overthrow of the regime I do not doubt; but a law of treason is amply effective for such men. Those of whom I speak are the victims of that "disease of orthodoxy" of which the Webbs write with justifiable contempt. Many of them would serve Russia gladly,

JOSEF STALIN
From "Stalin" by Henri Barbusse (Macmillan).

given the opportunity. Do we who believe in the greatness of the new Russia serve her best by suppressing the true implications of this attitude? I cannot think so. On the contrary, I believe that were Stalin to reverse the policy for which the Communist Party in Russia now stands in this matter he would immensely increase its prestige and authority all over the world. But a communism which operates an inquisition on grounds indistinguishable from those of its predecessor does a disservice which the Webbs place in a wholly inadequate perspective to the greatest ideal of modern times.

One other aspect of this problem is worth annotation because, though the Webbs emphasize its reality, they do not treat it with sufficient emphasis. The "disease of orthodoxy," in the context of the communist international, is in no small degree responsible for those divisions in the working-class movement which in considerable part explain the ease of fascist triumph in Europe. That temper has produced in communists the world over a casuistry of method wholly indifferent on many—too many—occasions to simple honesty and objective truth. No one admires more than I do the superb courage they have so universally shown in the face of danger. But no one can seriously deny that their belief in the end has too often caused them to stoop to means incapable of justification on any showing. The price they have been compelled to pay for this is heavy; but the price the labor movements of Europe have paid is heavier still. What I should have liked to find in the Webbs' book—what is, I believe, absent from it—is a full explanation of what it is in communism that is responsible for this attitude. Sometimes one has been tempted to think that they preferred a fascist victory to a social democratic triumph. That, now, is officially contradicted by the new policy adopted last summer by the Congress of the Communist International. But it is a policy which comes only years after that same congress had built an abyss of suspicion and antagonism between itself and orthodox labor parties by its theory of social democracy as social fascism. How could a policy as futile as this ever have been urged by a man of the stature of Stalin? Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not even attempt to answer this problem. Yet for those who, like myself, believe that the united front of the left forces is the one way to save civilization, it remains a problem that it is urgent to answer.

One other general remark is worth making. Critics of Soviet Russia often insist that new classes are arising there, and point to the wide differences in income which exist in Russia as the proof of their argument. It is one of the best features of the Webbs' book that they decisively dispose of this view. The whole difference between the income-scheme of Soviet Russia and that of the rest of the world lies in the fact that in Russia income does not mean the possession of social power. No man in Russia is significant by virtue of the income he possesses; no man, either, can control the lives of others by virtue of that income. It is the outcome only of a social function assessed in value by its relevance to general well-being; and the opportunity of access to that function is more genuinely equal than in any other community in the world. The significance of this position needs no emphasis from me. It must be read in the context of the fact that the effective leaders of the party impose upon themselves a continuous and rigorous asceticism the more impressive the more fully it is known. From this angle, in my own judgment, Soviet Russia has discovered perspectives of motivation in matters of social constitution that open a new epoch in the history of mankind.

It is, I think, some fifty years since the Webbs made their first contribution to social theory. Looking back on the record of those years, it is difficult not to feel humble in its presence. Again and again they have set new horizons; again and again they have compelled new valuations of old ideas. There is a fundamental sense in which this is the greatest of all their works. Massive in conception, courageous in ideas, pioneering in method, it sets a new standard for works in this field. No one can afford to neglect it. The more widely it is read, the more hope there is that men will understand the perspective of their lives.

Harold J. Laski is professor of political science in the University of London. He is well known in this country where in the past he has lectured at Harvard and Yale and where his books and magazine articles have had a wide public.

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The A. E. F. Passes in Review

THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE 1917-1919. By James G. Harbord, Major General, U. S. Army, Retired List. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

IN 1886, the year in which John Joseph Pershing was graduated from the United States Military Academy, two young Kansans attempted unsuccessfully to assail that stronghold. One of them, had the fates ordained otherwise, might today be Major General William Allen White, U.S.A. Retired, instead of Editor White of the *Emporia Gazette*. The other, James Guthrie Harbord, taught school for two years and enlisted in the army as a private in 1889. It was an era in which the common soldier was regarded as considerably lower than the angels; an occasional officer would address Harbord as "my man," which "made me feel like doing murder." He mounted the ladder rung by rung—corporal, sergeant, into commissioned status—and thirty years after his enlistment he put on the twin stars of a major general in the regular establishment. As a climax to his military career he commanded the Marine Brigade in the holocaust of Belleau Wood, the Second Division in the spearhead of the Soissons attack which definitely placed in Foch's hands an initiative he never relinquished, and that third of the A.E.F.—668,000 men—who constituted the Services of Supply, performing a task of equipping and provisioning without parallel in history, and forwarding to the combat forces a matériel whose bulk ran into astronomical figures.

It is the sort of success story that is dear to the American heart, but it is a success story that cannot be read in "The American Army in France." Harbord's career up to 1917 is here summarized in a three-page preface which his publishers obviously and properly insisted on his putting into the record. Personal experiences have their due share in his account of the A.E.F., but in the recital of them Harbord consistently seeks to play the part of detached observer. It is a terse, meaty chronicle, and in setting it down he has drawn on the last great repository of essential data concerning the American adventure in France—his own recollection of it, aided by his generally adequate interpretation of the printed and written record. There is little of that formal and general-orderish writing that bogs down so much military reporting. There is a seasoning of humor, there are dashes of tartness, deft and dry characterizations of sundry notables, touches of drama, sudden sorties of eloquence that are heightened by their very restraint. Not often does he indulge himself in analysis of his own emotions, but there are times when he appreciates the fact that the omission of such a revelation would be even more revealing. Thus, of the fighting in the desperate sector northwest of Château-Thierry:

> The recollections of a Brigade Commander are only valuable as the testimony of an official reporter of the Homeric deeds of other men. The world is little concerned with the feelings of such a witness, and his impressions at the time. Yet it is true that the responsibility for orders that send men into battle, when it may mean death to men that you know personally, when it may maim and destroy men with whom you may have spoken within the hour, is not lightly to be borne by any man. It leaves invisible scars, and the very recollection of it brings a spiritual humility of soul.

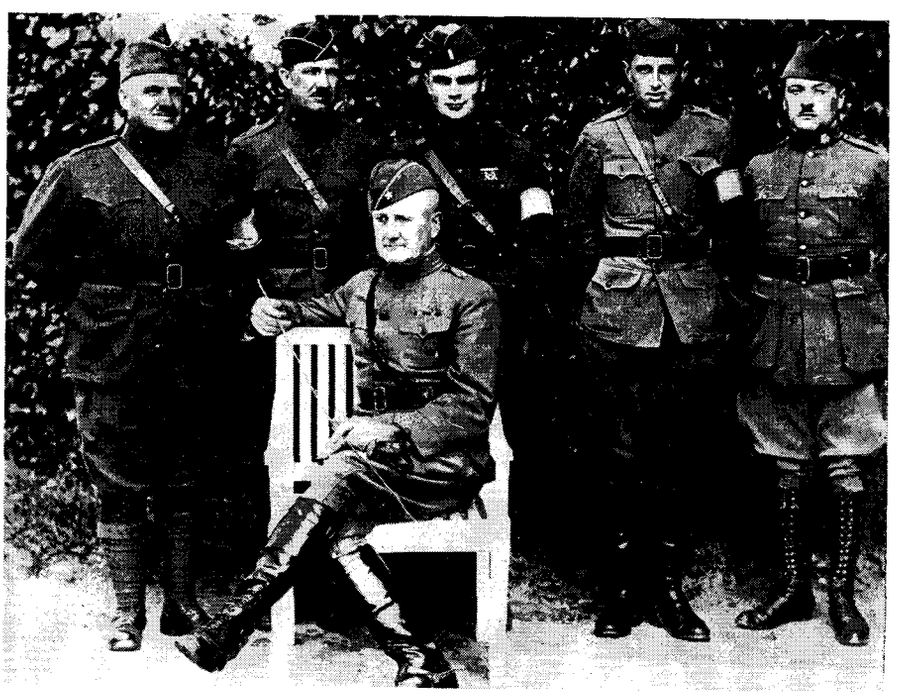
He asks his reader to consider

> the insufficient information on which you are sometimes obliged to send men forth to die; the decision of whether to go forward or to retire; the consciousness of the cost at which every advantage is won; the combat reports without place-name or hour of sending and therefore worthless; the rumors that ran; the runners that never arrive; the agony of the dressing station, and the casualty lists.

Recording his feelings at the moment of making the decision that most closely concerned himself, when, with the Soissons-Château-Thierry road crossed and the bitterly contested evacuation of the Marne salient under way, Harbord was summoned to G.H.Q. and asked (not ordered) to take command of the Services of Supply, he approaches rueful flippancy in his recital of his emotions:

> It was indeed a farewell to arms for me. . . . I had allowed myself to dream of being a Corps Commander, perhaps in time of even commanding an Army. The night wore away with no comfort for me in the renunciation I felt I should make when I saw the General the next morning. I saw him early at the office and told him again that I would go anywhere that he desired and attempt any duty to which he thought me equal. It was arranged that I should hurry back to the Division, turn over the command to General Lejeune and meet General Pershing at Tours forty-eight hours later. Both of us thought he should meet me there and that we should go over the base ports together. Someone had to be along to explain my being there. It had not been the habit to reward successful commanders of troops in battle by sending them to the S.O.S.

The task that faced him at Tours was formidable beyond all comparison. The closest available parallel—the British supply problem in South Africa at the turn of the century—is distant indeed. At 8.15 one August morning during his first inspection tour of his area an order reached the Gièvres depot from the advance area for 1,250,000 cans of tomatoes, 1,000,000 pounds of sugar, 600,000 cans of corned beef, 750,000 pounds of canned hash, and 150,000 pounds of dried beans. By 6.15 that evening this full market-basket, stowed in 457 freight cars, was rolling east. The Q.M.C. imported from home more than half a billion pounds of flour which it was prepared to convert into bread at the rate of three million loaves a day. Army-operated gardens produced 75,000,000 pounds of green vegetables. Up to the Armistice,



BRIGADIER GENERAL HARBORD (SEATED) WITH HIS STAFF, MAY, 1918
Standing: Major Harry Lay, Major Holland M. Smith, Lieut. Fielding S. Robinson, Lieut. R. Norris Williams II, Interpreter Martin Legasse.
From "The American Army in France."

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cargo unloaded in France totalled 4,408,464 tons. The statistical panorama is not too incongruously reminiscent of Captain Bluntschli and his four thousand tablecloths, and on that score the C.G., S.O.S., equally had no illusions:

> This war was a different kind of war from the ones our fathers fought. It inaugurated a new era in polemics. It introduced mass production methods to the battlefield. It marked the industrialization of Death.

Maintaining the A.E.F. as a going concern was no assignment for a neurotic. It will be news to most overseas veterans (and it would have been morale-shattering intelligence at the time) to learn that the goal of a ninety-day reserve of matériel in Europe was never attained; that the crisis grew so acute that the Meuse-Argonne, the greatest battle in American history, was in the nature of a headlong gamble; that "if the Armistice had not come when it did, there would have had to be a suspension of hostilities and movement until the supply and troop program could be brought into balance" —a suspension in which the Germans might conceivably have been unwilling to join.

General Harbord's attempt to cover the broad field embraced in his title (a precedent "With" might have helped to delimit its scope) has led to an inevitable and by no means always disadvantageous lack of proportion in the general perspective. Certainly no one can cavil at his particular accenting of the work of the Fourth Brigade and the Second Division, or expect that equivalent space should be devoted to achievements which he could hardly, in the circumstances, record as eye-witness. But the fine accomplishment of the 42nd Division in the Gouraud defense-in-depth in the Champagne merits more than a couple of sentences. No mention is made of the 32nd Division's swift and successful thrust at Juvigny. There is little of the clash and interplay of personality in the A.E.F., but much forthright comment concerning personalities in the War Department and in the Allied armies and ministries. General Harbord sometimes manifests an odd reluctance to name names or indulge in harsh observations in the text and detours the reader to a vigorous and outspoken footnote. In his effort to give as much credit to individuals as space will allow, the chronicle at times becomes reminiscent of the second book of the Iliad.

But, this "Who's Who" recital aside, there is little waste of words. The style is graphic, succinct, readable, and, could he avail himself of the text, would meet the approval of that not-so-ancient Roman who also warred and won in Gaul and made a book about it.

John T. Winterich, known to Saturday Review *readers as one of the conductors of the Compleat Collector department, is editor of* The American Legion Monthly. *During the war, he was an editor of* The Stars and Stripes.

Personalities and Subtle Perceptions

THE HOUSE IN PARIS. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

FEW novels, however socially conscious, manage to dispense with human relationships altogether. But the novel primarily of human relationships, written because the subtleties of personality and the effects of individuals on one another are more interesting to the novelist than anything else, is far less fashionable than it was ten to fifteen years ago. E. M. Forster's last novel was published in 1924; Virginia Woolf, after "To the Lighthouse," has gone on to other things. Many readers who miss the qualities which Mr. Forster and Mrs. Woolf

ELIZABETH BOWEN

brought to the fiction of the early post-war years will enjoy "The House in Paris."

Miss Bowen tells her story obliquely, as if for its by-products. She begins at the end, and flashes back to the beginning. The principal events, in the long middle section called "The Past," take place some ten years before the opening and closing sections. These, which form a sort of prologue and epilogue, are headed "The Present," and are contemporary. In these we meet Leopold, the child whose illegitimacy is the key to his problematical personality; in "The Past" we follow Karen Michaelis through the passionate interlude in which Leopold originated. And the Paris pension which dominates the action, in which Karen first met her lover and in which Leopold waits, years later, for his mother, is a scene out of the past—or "something worse than the past," as one character senses it, "in not being yet over." If in ten years Karen has lost her capacity for personal relationships, her present life is vividly the result of her former relationships.

Miss Bowen sees every one through the eyes of some one else: even Leopold is shown in his effect on a little girl of eleven —a matter-of-fact little girl who keeps her composure among preposterous people, like Alice in Wonderland. Those among Miss Bowen's readers who appreciate her by-products, who respond to her subtleties of perception and characterization, her felicities of phrasing and wit, will not overemphasize the less successful elements, which prevent a good novel from being even better. For there are some things which the most sympathetic reader would prefer to have otherwise. Karen's lover, Max, is probably the least attractive man for whom any fiction heroine ever broke an engagement; we have to take her feeling for him on faith. And Mme. Fisher, the calculating ancient who presides from her death bed over the house in Paris, is too cold, too outlandish to make the reader feel her influence as the characters feel it. But the children—once the reader becomes accustomed to seeing through their eyes while thinking in the author's terms—are thoroughly successful; so are most of the minor characters; and so is Karen, granted the influences which make her so much less forceful in the end than she was at the beginning. The author has a sentient intuition for the depths and complexities of personality; and she has the imaginative intelligence to make human relationships the *raison d'être* of an unstereotyped, interesting novel.

My Head

By RICHARD HUGHES

ONE blinding peal of light:
The world stood, stock-dead,
The Voice cried, What do you want?
And I answered, My head.

My head, I took it in my hands,
A crystal egg, clear smooth and round
Save where 'twas pierced by two light-needles
And two spiral horns of sound.

As clear, as hard as crystal stone,
As thoughtless as a lump of ice:
A case so hard, it would not crack
Though I put both brows in a vice.

—But look! Those colored needle-points,
The tips of that horn!
Do I see the Worm stirring?
Shall aught be born?

O shall that singing tongue
That once was heard in Albion
Exclaim anew, exclaim anew,
Its long death done?

—Behold the lucid glass, it glows
With light where minute figures are:
My head it rises from my lap
With silence, like a star.

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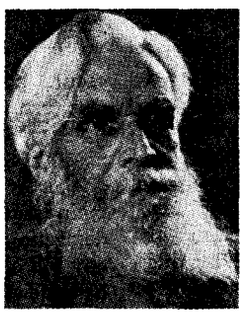
The Studies of Havelock Ellis

STUDIES IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX. By Havelock Ellis. New York: Random House. 1936. 4 *vols.* $15.

Reviewed by HANNAH M. STONE, M.D., and ABRAHAM STONE, M.D.

IN 1876, Havelock Ellis, then a boy of sixteen, resolved to devote himself to an exploration of the phenomena of sex. He determined at that time, as he says, "to make it the main business of my life to get to the real natural facts of sex, apart from all would-be moralistic or sentimental notions." With a remarkable singleness of purpose, with infinite patience and consummate ability, he carried out this resolve through a long and crowded life. Today, at seventy-seven, now a foremost authority in his chosen field, Ellis is still actively pursuing his work.



HAVELOCK ELLIS

Havelock Ellis's major contributions to sexual science are to be found in his "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." These were published in six volumes between the years of 1897 and 1910, and were later revised. A seventh volume was added in 1928. These "Studies" are now being reissued for general distribution in a new and attractive format, in four compact, pleasantly bound volumes. The fact that they are being offered to the lay reader is in itself of great social significance. When the first volume was published in England, it was indicted in an English court as being "wicked, lewd, impure, scandalous, and obscene" and as one intending to corrupt the morals of Her Majesty's subjects. The sale of the book was prohibited. Later volumes had to be published, curiously enough, in America, but the distribution was limited to the medical and legal professions. With the changes in social attitudes, it now becomes possible to make the "Studies" generally available, and it is of interest to note that this transition in our mores is in no small measure due to the work and influence of Havelock Ellis.

To attempt to summarize Ellis's "Studies" is like attempting to summarize an encyclopedia; it is a monumental work which ranges widely over the entire field of sexual knowledge. The Evolution of Modesty, Sexual Periodicity, Auto-erotism, An Analysis of the Sexual Impulse, Sexual Inversion, Erotic Symbolism, The Problems of Sexual Abstinence, The Science of Procreation,—these are but a few random chapters from the volumes. Sexual science, as Ellis says, has no definitely circumscribed frontiers, it is concerned with the whole of human culture; and nothing in the field of culture seems alien to Havelock Ellis. He has gone far and wide into many disciplines of study to gather his material. He brought together a vast range of facts from anthropology, biology, medicine, psychology, and other sciences, and he integrated them into a comprehensive whole. Into his "Studies" he has distilled the data gathered from innumerable sources and from many original investigations and researches, and he has presented them in a critical and scholarly fashion, with the admirable clarity of a scientist and the esthetic sensitivity of a poet.

There is a widespread opinion that Ellis's "Studies" are concerned in the main with sexual aberrations and deviations; with the abnormal and pathological manifestations of sex. This is quite erroneous. "The original inspiration of my own work, and the guiding motive throughout, was the study of normal sexuality," Ellis says in his preface, and elsewhere he points out that "pathology is but physiology working under new conditions." That some of the material should deal with the abnormal is only natural. In sexual psychology, first of all, there is not always a clear and sharp demarcation between the normal and the abnormal, and secondly, the study of sexual deviations, aside from its own importance, often serves to elucidate the phenomena of normal sex expression.

It is a high tribute to Ellis's "Studies" that, were he to revise them completely today, he would have had to make but very few changes. Newer investigations and contributions, especially, perhaps, in the fields of anthropology, endocrinology, and psychiatry, and the more recent evolutions and revolutions in our social and political life, have widened our knowledge to some extent and have brought about newer concepts and attitudes; yet in their essence the "Studies" remain but little affected by these latter-day discoveries and developments.

A word might be said about the relation of Ellis to Freud. When Ellis published his "Studies," and particularly when he revised them, Freud had already enunciated his main theses, and Ellis took full cognizance of these views in his works. As a matter of fact, he was among the first to expound the Freudian principles to English readers, and he did so long before the psychoanalytic star had gained its ascendency in the firmament of psychology. In some respects he had anticipated Freud. In discussing the sexual impulse, for instance, Ellis had said:

> The sexual impulse is not, as some have imagined, the sole root of the most massive human emotions, the most brilliant human aptitudes,—of sympathy, of art, of religion. But it largely enters into and molds all of these emotions and aptitudes, and that by virtue of its two most peculiar characteristics; it is in the first place the deepest and most volcanic of human impulses, and in the second place . . . it can to a large extent be transmuted into a new force capable of the strangest and most varied uses.

Here we see the forerunner of the idea of sublimation. Ellis is even responsible, or largely responsible, for such eminently psychoanalytic terms as "Auto-Erotism" and "Narcissism." He accepts some of the Freudian principles but rejects others. "I agree with Breuer and Freud," he writes in one place, "that the sexual needs of the hysterical are just as individual and various as those of normal women, but that they suffer from them more, largely through a moral struggle with their own instincts and the attempt to put them into the background of consciousness." On the other hand, speaking of homosexuality and the Oedipus Complex, he says:

> It is quite easily conceivable that the psychic mechanism of the establishment of homosexuality in some cases corresponds to the course described by Freud . . . But it is impossible to regard this mechanism as invariable or even frequent.

One finds in Ellis a sympathetic attention to the psychoanalytic school, but not a partisan adherence.

The general reader will, perhaps, be interested particularly in the fourth volume of the series, the one dealing with "Sex in Relation to Society." Here Ellis discusses the social aspects of the sexual impulse,—the problems of sex education, of chastity and sexual abstinence, of prostitution and venereal diseases, of marriage, the art of love, and the science of procreation. In his discussions, Ellis is rarely dogmatic or doctrinaire, neither is he altogether objective and neutral. His work is pervaded with a spirit of tolerance and sincerity, and his viewpoint is always liberal. He looks forward calmly to changes in the future, but is not ready to break completely with the past.

All through his life, Havelock Ellis has been seeking the synthesis of the real and the ideal, of knowledge and of art. He is not merely a pioneer in sexual psychology, he remains today as one of the most important contributors to that field. His work does not merely point the way, it remains as a permanent addition to human knowledge and understanding, and a civilizing and cultural influence of incalculable value. In his chosen field, he has become a symbol and represents an era. He will remain among the great men of the century, a man who has added to the sum total of human knowledge, who has extended the horizon of human vision, and who has instilled into life the balanced ideal of knowledge and beauty.

Dr. Hannah M. Stone and her husband Dr. Abraham Stone are the authors of the recently published "A Marriage Manual."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Pilate Washed His Hands

THE issue of freedom of speech in the schools and colleges has been much debated in the past few weeks and we fear that the controversy, far from being on the road to settlement, is just beginning. The issue is not so clear, or at least not so well understood in respect to school education, as in respect to books, magazines, and newspapers. But everywhere freedom is in danger.

Everyone seems to want Americanism inculcated in our educational institutions. But what is Americanism? The American Legion, the Hearst Press, and the D.A.R., spokesmen for one attitude, understand Americanism to be what they assert to be the status quo or the status quo ante. They wish nothing taught that was not believed in by the last generation. The danger, here, is, first, that the schools become, as in Germany, Italy, and Russia, organs for teaching a political policy, which in the United States will certainly not be what our forefathers believed, since these advocates of a dogmatic education are quite unhistorical, but rather what the dominant political party or pressure group wishes children to believe. The second danger is that American education (like the Russian) will ignore other political and economic systems, leaving the student like a too much sanitized child, ripe for any germ of wild thinking. One needs only to read the impassioned letters from John Smith '94, now being printed in the college alumni magazines, to learn that there are plenty of fools who believe that the best protection against, say, socialism, is never to mention it in a college curriculum.

The liberal educators go too far in the other direction. They argue that youth should be exposed to all the winds of doctrine and so taught to think for themselves. Unquestionably this is right for the colleges. But the teaching of children must retain some dogmatism or be ineffective. If the pressure groups who wish to control our education for their own purposes, would let professional scholars and teachers determine Americanism for themselves, and make that the basis of their education, both conservative and progressive might have complaints against our education, but at least the problems would be worked out in a compromise which would represent the judgment of those directly responsible for teaching. At present teachers are frightened, or at least many are trying to frighten them. Our pressure groups will not let them work out those principles which must be agreed upon and can be taught.

Unfortunately, only the educators seem interested in teaching that very difficult subject called truth—a subject which must always have wide margins, and whose pursuit requires the delicate conduct of an immature mind through principles known to be sound, up and on into the area of debate and confusion where the power of independent judgment is all that can be taught. And once again sinister influences, calling themselves patriotic, are marching upon the educators. It is the old story—sometimes a party, sometimes a church, sometimes a government, has captured youth for its own purposes, using the schools as a net. There is no remedy except resistance and clear thinking. Ask yourself, Why are teachers singled out to take the oath of allegiance? Ask yourself, Why would Mr. Hearst have only his conception of America taught? Ask yourself, Why this concerted attempt to have even an analysis of our economic system branded as "Communism," and all criticism of the status quo called Red?

But the issue in books is much simpler than in teaching. Books represent adult education. The pernicious bills, now in Congress, of which a baleful example is the Dobbins Bill (H. R. 9495) at present under debate, when analyzed prove to be attempts to make the terms "indecent" or "seditious" so broad that any book objectionable to either a pressure group or the government can be made dangerous for author to write or publisher to publish. We have been undiscriminating in this respect, have indeed been so appalled by really indecent books, and truly violent publications, that the simplest way has seemed to be to give more powers of suppression. You cannot stop suppression, once it begins. The adult American is no child to be protected against the confusion of too many doctrines. His very existence as a potential citizen of a democracy, even such an imperfect democracy as ours, depends upon access to the flow of opinion. It is not realized how easily that flow can be stopped. Clamp down on elementary education, and the youth still can read. Clamp down on the free expression of opinion in books, and you clamp down on that individualism which is the essence of any state not purely despotic. These be platitudes, but they are also prophecies.

The inner citadel of freedom of speech and freedom of thinking is the printing press. In all this talk of government ownership there has been no mention as yet of the publishing business. If a beneficent government should take over the publishing business (which we do not advocate) it is probable that its first step would be to reduce the price and extend the circulation of books, always assuming that its purpose was to strengthen democracy and not to further a despotism. This would inevitably be at the cost of the tax-payer, perhaps a justifiable cost. Such a hypothesis is fanciful, but there is nothing fantastic in the idea that the pressure groups now trying to control government may attack the indispensable adult education of literature under any and every excuse that can be made plausible to a well-meaning but not too clear-thinking public. What is truth?—said Pilate, and washed his hands of the matter. What is freedom of speech, is much easier to determine. Shall we wash our hands of that also?

The Duffy Bill Every bill to enable us to enter the international Copyright Union, and so secure adequate protection for American writers abroad, has been sabotaged by local interests trying to get the best possible terms for themselves. The same danger now threatens the Duffy Bill. The main issue is forgotten in a squabble over domestic protections. We shall never get any bill at this rate, for there will always be special interests not entirely satisfied with their slice. The proper procedure is to pass a bill, which, like the Duffy measure, guarantees foreign protection, and thus end an intolerable situation. Congress can later rectify local injustices. Our failure, decade after decade, to rectify the copyright situation is a sad commentary on the difficulties of legislation in a democracy where each tree thinks itself more important than the forest.

Ten Years Ago

Elizabeth Bowen's second book, "Ann Lee's: and Other Stories," was published in 1926 and was reviewed in this magazine by Gladys Graham, who wrote: "*The* [publisher's] *comparison of Miss Bowen to Katherine Mansfield may a little incline toward optimism,—and yet there is some justice in it. At her best the author of 'Ann Lee's' does resemble the author of 'The Garden Party.' Both are primarily interested in how certain people behave in a given situation—with the given situation left out.*" "The Hotel," Miss Bowen's first novel, was written during the same period, and published two years later.

Today

Miss Bowen's new novel, "The House in Paris," is reviewed on page 6 of this issue. The review concludes: "The author has a sentient intuition for the depths and complexities of human personality."

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Letters to the Editor: *A Letter from George Santayana On Writing "The Last Puritan"*

Santayana's View of America

SIR:—Thank you for sending me the interesting and profound criticism you have made of "The Last Puritan." You are particularly clear-sighted when you say that my view of America is a college (an undergraduate) view, and that Olivers in general might have merged their consciences later in the vast life of the country. I am not blind to this fact, but this was originally, when begun forty-five years ago, a college story: and besides the main stream of American life, though I felt its force, was not known to me intimately enough, or loved by me enough, to allow me later to describe it. But in Mr. James Van de Weyer and in Senator Lunt, also in Edith and the Rev. Edgar Thornton, I give glimpses into the background, which I do not pretend to describe further. Oliver *could* have lost himself in that background, as Edith actually proposed that he should; only here the *mystical vocation* which was also a part of his heritage—Jonathan Edwards had it—interfered. This is not a specifically American thing: all that is American, or modern, is the absence of any tradition in which the born poet or God-intoxicated man could take root. He therefore simply evaporates and *Peters* out.

G. SANTAYANA.

We print this letter by permission because of the interest of many readers in "The Last Puritan." That it was begun in the nineties as a college story reflecting an undergraduate view of America, and tempered later by a philosophy that played upon the essence of civilization, may help many to understand the drift and conclusion of the novel. The reference in "Peters out" seems to be to the not too unhappy degeneration of Oliver's father, Peter, connoisseur of easy living.

"I JUST LOVED YOUR AUTOBIOGRAPHY—I HOPE YOU'LL WRITE ANOTHER."

The Federal Theatre

SIR:—The Federal Government is engaged at the present time in spending $5,000,000 in support of the professional theatrical people temporarily out of employment. The program of the Federal Government in so doing is threefold; first, to give relief to the unemployed theatrical workers; second, to provide entertainment of cultural value to the community; third, ultimately to re-establish these professional theatre workers on a self-supporting basis in their own profession.

It is believed that a program of this importance requires that the plays presented be of a high literary and dramatic quality. Examination of the production plans from coast to coast reveals this program in operation, with one hundred and fifty-eight plays showing or rehearsing. More than nine thousand theatrical people are on the payroll with companies in some twenty states.

The administrative set-up throughout the country is now complete, the legal difficulties of admission, touring, and amusement tax adjusted. The extent of theatrical unemployment has been gauged, the country divided into thirteen regions, and in many places all eligible theatre workers have been requisitioned.

In New York the theatre program is well under way. Two legitimate theatres have been opened to the public. February 4th "Walk Together, Chillun" was presented at the Lafayette Theatre, Harlem. This play was written and directed by Frank Wilson, star of "Porgy." February 21st the Manhattan Theatre opened with "American Holiday," by Edwin and Albert Barker. This production unit is headed by Edward Goodman, formerly associated with the Washington Square players.

Within a fortnight two more theatres will lift curtains, the Willis in the Bronx with "The Woman of Destiny" and Daly's at 63rd Street and Broadway. The Daly Theatre is occupied by the Experimental Group, headed by Virgil Geddes, author of "Native Ground."

Still in rehearsal but shortly to reach the New York public are the productions of the Poetic Theatre, The Living Newspaper, the Anglo-Jewish, the German, the One Act-Experimental, the Children's, Negro Youth, Russian, Continental, American Historical, and Dance.

Alfred Kreymborg is managing producer of the Poetic group with Emile Beliveau directing. They are preparing W. H. Auden's "The Dance of Death," a brilliant satire in verse and music of which the first production was given at the Vassar Experimental Theatre. The German Theatre is doing Kleist's "Der Zerbrochene Krug." John E. Bonn, director, has been identified with the modern European theatre for the past twenty years. An English version of "The Idle Inn," prepared by Jack Charash, is the first play to be done by the Anglo-Jewish.

This summary, which is but a partial listing of the New York program, may serve to give some insight into the character of theatre undertaken. Competent professionals are engaged in shaping the project which the government hopes will serve to bridge the gap between those people who desire drama and the players, artists, and technicians able and anxious to provide them with their wish. We cannot tell where it is leading, but we do know from the response of 350,000 persons nightly from coast to coast that the federal theatre is appreciated.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL,
Director, New England Region
Federal Theatre Project.

Information of Federal Theatre activities may be obtained from Edwin Armstrong, Magazine Publishing Department, Federal Theatre Project, 201—8th Avenue, New York City, MEdallion 3-5962.

Fifteenth Century Books

SIR:—The closing date for registering in the *Second Census of 15th Century Books in America* is March 16th. Books printed before 1501 should be reported by collectors before that date.

I am meanwhile especially desirous of locating:

1) The Hoe, Pembroke, Devonshire, and Fenwick copies of the Mainz *Catholicon* of 1460 (Hain *2254; Gesamtkat der Wiegendrucke 3182);
2) and the fragment of the "Passio Christi," which Dr. Konrad Haebler in 1927, in his *Die italienischen Fragmente vom Leiden Christi*, discussed as a possible Italian imprint of the early date of 1462.

MARGARET BINGHAM STILLWELL,
Librarian.
The Annmary Brown Memorial
Library of Incunabula,
Providence, R. I.

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John Chamberlain: Hostage to Fortune

BY CLIFTON FADIMAN

THE office allotted by the *New York Times* to its daily book reviewer is about half the size of Groucho's stateroom in "A Night at the Opera" and is apparently constructed to prevent its inmate's thoughts from straying. I sat beside Bob Van Gelder (who is built, poor fellow, along crew-man lines) waiting for John Chamberlain, and terrified at the notion of another adult wedging himself into this sanctumlet. One inch before my nose was a wall; tacked on to this wall was a length of string, bravely trying to look like a clothes-line; and on this string a sweatshirt and a pair of gym trunks, partly draped over a shelf of new books, were hung up to dry. They were Mr. Chamberlain's shirt and trunks and I remember thinking of them as heavily symbolic of his temperament. In the first place, they underlined the attractive, almost boyish informality which can juxtapose a sweatshirt and a severe row of books for review. In the second place, they represent the other half of Mr. Chamberlain's double life, its non-literary side. Without his daily tennis (he says he takes it as others do aspirin) he wouldn't be able to review books at all.

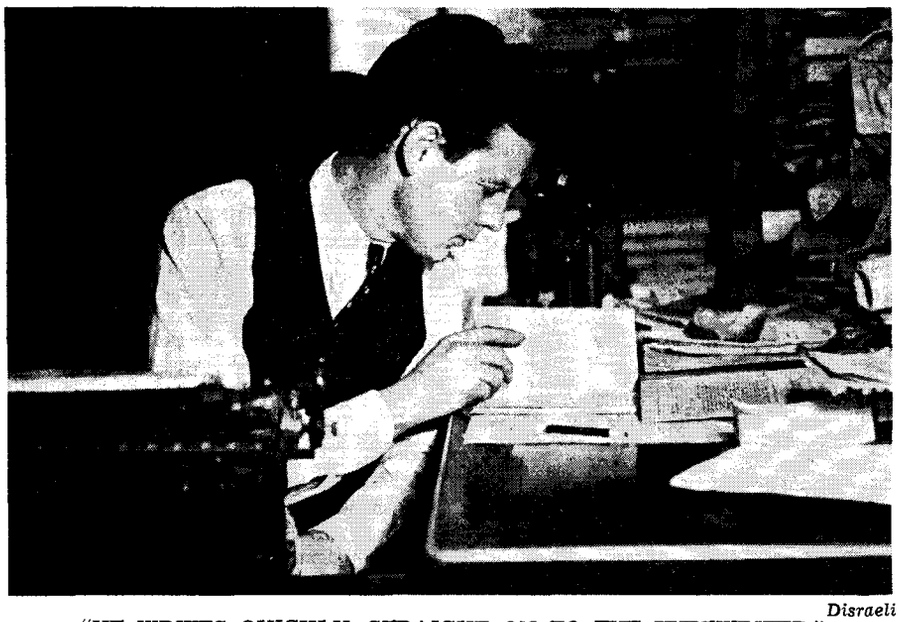
Well, here is Mr. Chamberlain, thirty-two years old, and one of the literary white hopes of a generation which has still to develop its Mencken and its Van Wyck Brooks. Perhaps he is the man. At any rate, he is one of the few worth keeping an eye on. In the course of a little less than three years on the *Times*, he has proved that it is possible to review a book a day and be consistently intelligent. He has attracted an audience that never before gave a rap about books, not to say book reviews. Though a daily journalist, he has influenced serious opinion. And he has developed a style, easy but not trivial, allusive but not pedantic, which people have come to look for, somewhat as they used to look for the reviews of Mr. Mencken in the old days long before Mr. Mencken went *juramentado* and started after the New Deal with a butcher knife.

Mr. Chamberlain, as has frequently been remarked, is young, and looks younger. I suppose, like so many gently nurtured, college-bred Americans, he will never really look very old. He owns a shy, deprecating smile (complete with dimple) and a tentative manner of speaking, both tending to obscure the fact that his mind has a sharpness and an unbluffability quite remote from that of the conventional college graduate. He is the kind that will never try to outargue anyone, but on the other hand will rarely permit himself to be fooled. Hence, though in one way he is their delight, he is also the despair of book publishers. When he started the *Times* job, he had only one idea—"to stir up the animals." He has stirred 'em.

In case you follow, as I do, Mr. Chamberlain and his opinions, here are a few facts to paste in your scrapbook, for future reverence, so to speak. He was born in New Haven, has lived all his life (with the exception of one year) in the East, attended the Loomis Institute at Windsor, Connecticut, and, following the example of his father, or maybe just for geographical convenience, went to Yale. He was no child prodigy. Before eighteen he did very little serious reading and at Yale was a good but far from brilliant student. His class ('25) was very footbally and, possibly in reaction, he turned gradually to the world of ideas, in defiance of all decent college traditions. We pass rapidly over the fact that he wrote poetry and note that he was on the board of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, ran an F.P.A.-ish column in the *Daily News*, and was chairman of the *Yale Record*. He specialized in a mild way in history and was fortunate in having his eyes opened to contemporary literature by his roommate, William Troy, who is now a most notable critic himself.

Once free of Yale, he fiddled around aimlessly in the big city for a while, and then got a job with Thomas F. Logan, Inc., writing ad copy. It lasted four months. He followed this with three years with the *Times*, as a reporter, covering one thing and another (including Washington) and finding his interests tending more and more toward problems of national politics and economics. (It was this period that gave him his practical grounding in the American scene and enables him to consider a book on politics as soundly as he does Willa Cather's latest novel. He is no "literary" book reviewer.) Toward the end of 1928, he took John Carter's place as assistant to J. Donald Adams on the *Sunday Times Book Review*, quickly made a reputation for himself as a first-rate man, and capped the first part of his career by publishing in 1932 his brilliant "Farewell to Reform." For five months he was one of the editors of the *Saturday Review of Literature* (adv.) and from September 1933 to date he has been running his remarkable daily column in the *Times*. He is now about to make another jump. This week he goes with *Fortune* and his friends will echo the wish that fortune may go with him. (His first assignment, by the way, is a study of the Supreme Court, the only nine in existence made up of six right-fielders and three left-fielders.)

To my mind any daily book reviewer is a marvel but Mr. Chamberlain is something extra-special. For he has rarely been satisfied merely to recapitulate the content of a book, add a little harmless gossip, and close with a helpful paragraph of casual judgment. His stuff has been analytic, more like monthly periodical journalism than like the hurried product of the daily grind. How did he do it? For one thing, he has that peculiar journalistic gift of being able to write—and write well—under pressure. And he writes quickly, straight on to the typewriter, without much revision, 1200 words in an hour and a half (which makes him a good typist too). If you think it's easy to write 1200 sensible words about a single book in an hour and a half and keep this up five times a week for three years, just take three years off



Disraeli

"HE WRITES QUICKLY, STRAIGHT ON TO THE TYPEWRITER."

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and try it. Let me know how you make out.

One thing that helped Mr. Chamberlain to do his job as well as he did, is a phenomenal Macaulayan memory. He never looks up the facts which back his opinions. They come to him, unbidden, out of the pages of ponderous volumes read long ago. Huneker had this kind of associative memory, but Mr. Chamberlain has judgment in addition. Furthermore, Mr. Chamberlain has something not all book reviewers are able to retain. He has for books, for the printed page, the line of type, not merely that facile enthusiasm which becomes a primary reflex with any competent literary hack, but a genuine passion.

Toward the end he was beginning to get a bit dizzy, not because the strain was so great, but because of the effect of continuous book reviewing on his naturally orderly mind. There was no chance to follow up anything. The universe of ideas became fragmented, split up into five books a week, all different, all disconnected. There was no chance to relate the thousands of things that the publishers incessantly poured into his brain. Any book reviewer (this is an old hack speaking) will confess that ten conscientious years at the game completely unfits the mind for doing any precise thinking. In one sense, after ten years you know too much—and you have had no time to do anything with the much you know. Hence, it's a good thing that Mr. Chamberlain is bidding his farewell to reviewing. He may now have a chance to look inside his mind and figure out what has been accumulating all this time.

My hunch is that good things will come out of him, and I base my hunch, not only on his past record, but on one of his fundamental characteristics. The great advantage he has over many of his writing contemporaries is that he is profoundly educable, even at thirty-two. He is no mere gentlemanly skeptic in the Anatole France tradition (whatever happened to that tradition, by the way?) but a man who, though he has plenty of firmly held opinions, still preserves, in these non-open-minded days, an open mind. Politically, he tends to the observer-type, but characterizes himself as a "free-lance radical who refuses to be bound." (It should be mentioned here that during his entire incumbency, though he was obviously considerably to the left of its editorial page, the *Times* never hampered his freedom of expression in any way.)

Except for that business of mental fragmentation referred to above, Mr. Chamberlain believes his last three years well-spent. He has managed not to get caught in the literary cocktail whirl (though he likes cocktails, and his family all Congregationalists, too!). He doesn't believe he has written any real criticism, because he doesn't think a daily reviewer can. "Well, occasional sentences, maybe," he adds thoughtfully. Looking over his immediate past, he considered his most flagrant error of judgment the high praise he accorded Du Bose Heyward's "Mamba's Daughters." Asked what book he had reviewed in the last three years had impressed him most, his mind went completely blank. Which is the correct and inevitable reviewer's reaction. But going further back in time (before he had to read books as a business) he was able to name a few that had radically rearranged his mental furniture: "This Side of Paradise," Randolph Bourne's "Untimely Papers," the works of Thorstein Veblen and William Graham Sumner, among others. (It is notable that his reading background, in distinction to that of many of his contemporaries, is largely American. He missed the wave of interest in Continental and particularly French literature.)

He thinks Edmund Wilson and Van Wyck Brooks the best living American critics and would rather read Archibald MacLeish than any other contemporary American poet. If permitted by the gods to do any reading for pleasure, he would go back and read dusty, formidable old boys like Gibbon. He thinks his own generation, as compared with its predecessor, knows more but has less personality, which seems a fair judgment. Among reviewers he most admires Malcolm Cowley and Robert Cantwell. He believes Heywood Broun the best all-round journalist in America, and judges New York journalism too gentle to develop the hard-boiled Hecht-MacArthur type. He prefers to write about things he knows little of in order to learn something about them in the process; and some day hopes to write books—not literary criticism, but nice, solid ones, biographies, studies of American history and social psychology, that sort of thing.

Like most of his generation, he tends to think more about the world than himself. (This, roughly, marks the difference between the Hemingway-men and those who were too young for the war.) But this objectivity, in his case, is not merely a matter of seriousness of temperament, but of genuine modesty. He is the only literary man I know who blushes when you praise him.

The last book he read for pleasure was "Tristram Shandy." That was back in 1933. He admits that, had it been a new book, he would have given it a good review.

Clifton Fadiman is the book-reviewer for The New Yorker.

Feeble Human Nature

THE THINKING REED. By Rebecca West. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

MISS REBECCA WEST'S customary sparkle and cleverness are qualities which should make a light novel from her pen more than commonly entertaining. She has subtlety, wit, and penetration, and a deft and darting malice that demolishes pretensions and bluster. All of these qualities show fitfully through this tale of love, and lovers, and marriage, to tantalize attention and rouse regret that her brilliant abilities have produced so indifferent a story.

REBECCA WEST

She gets off, to be sure, to an excellent start in her portrayal of the efforts of a beautiful American widow to extricate herself from an outworn infatuation for a French man of the world. There is an oblique satire in the depiction of Isabelle's attempt to rid herself of André de Verviers, an ironical humor in her discovery that in divesting herself of one lover she has alienated the other who had superseded him in her affections, that deserve better than the absurd incredibility of the marriage which, to save her face, she makes with the enormously wealthy and equally naïve Marc Sallafranque.

Miss West has the faculty of standing apart from her characters and viewing them with detachment. She is sensible of the vagaries that govern conduct, sensitive to the moods that modify it. She shows at times insight and understanding, and she writes with ease and fluency, even though she is frequently mannered and affected. But it is only intermittently that her story rises above the level of mediocrity, and incredible as it may seem of the brilliant Miss West, her novel for long stretches is dull and banal. Its incidents in those scenes in which Isabelle and her husband are shown amongst their associates on the Riviera and in Le Touquet are far-fetched where they are not commonplace; the society depicted is shoddy, the conversations trivial. Nowhere does Miss West probe profoundly; everywhere the emotion is thin, and the wit plays only over the surface of society. Miss West's story is light, moderately entertaining, and entirely unimportant.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

It's Thawing

IT'S thawing!
I think I heard crows cawing
And in the back-yard slush
Everything's awash.

The eaves go drip-drip-dripping,
I feel like skipping!
After six weeks of icebound roads,
Fuel-oil in costly loads,
Lining windows of abodes
With weatherstrip and felting,
Streets like skating rinks,
Clattering fenders, monkey-links,
Snow drifting and sleet pelting,
Glycerine on windshield panes,
Gales and gelid rains,
I've taken off the chains—
It's melting!

Farewell golosh
And frozen plumbing,
By gosh
Spring's coming!

It feels slick!
The thermometer's forty-five:
I'm out on the drive with a pick
Where the ice is thick.
I'm actually sweating, and getting
Down to the gravel
So cars can climb the hill
Without a spill
And the cook can travel.
(When she fell and crocked her knee
It had to be paid by me
At a dollar a stitch. . . .)

Once more
I'll be able to open the cellar door;
Now the nights are shorter
I won't hear such frequent roar
Of the burner on the basement floor
And oil at 7¼.

The eaves have shed
Their fringe of icicles:
Shall I put away sled
And bring out bicycles?
First to unfreeze
Are rims and edges:
Round trunks of trees
And under hedges.
The shingles steam—
Is winter dead
Or is it a dream?

It'll be difficult, in the blaze
Of approaching summer days
To realize that chip and scar
That now my steps and pathway mar,
All those scratches on the brick,
Were made with bang and slog and slice
By pick and shovel, gouging ice.
Unlikely then as any novel
To think of the midwinter shovel.
O sun how sweet! Soft air how nice!
I don't even want to stay in
Long enough to write these verses.
Did I once praise winter? Nix!
Let the winter of Thirty-Six
Pass with reminiscent curses.
As soon as you like, let spring begin.
Let the word be aprication
When I can walk to Roslyn Station,
Make sure that there's no hocus-pocus
About the crocus
And very likely cry on
The neck of the first dandelion.

I began to fear that frost was chronic,
But now all creatures feel spring tonic.
Electric bills and snowdrifts lessen,
The goat sign's up in delicatessen,
Again the groundhog leaves his dark hole,
The dogs are dragging bits of charcoal
From the fireplace onto the rug;
And the final cure, you may be sure,
Is to smell manure
When beds are dug.
Hopeful anew, the housewife reads
The annual catalogue of seeds
And puts away odd pairs of mittens.
Even the cat forsakes her kittens
And takes an airing on the roof.

Can it all be just a spoof?
For I'm still wary:
It's only the end of February,
Too soon to compliment
Spring for sincere intent.
This welcoming allure
Is premature;
She's full of guile,
Knows her tricks from A to Izzard,
So wear your woollens yet a while:
In a sudden mood to vex
She may still conceal a blizzard.
On her lip see mischief pucker:
Very like some freak has struck her—
In the humor of her sex
(Like the late lamented Tex)
Calling to us, *Hello sucker!*

So, equinox,
On the 21st *prox*
Be clear and prompt;
Not swamped
With flood and fog and mud and bog
And mercury seesawing.
O March, not too much hemming and
hawing—
Anyhow, it's thawing!

Miss Mitford

It's good to learn that I was quite wrong in supposing (Feb. 15) I might be the only person reading Mary Russell Mitford. Mrs. W. F. Harris in Toledo, Mrs. F. G. Hall in Durham, N. C., have both written with much interesting detail. Mrs. Harris confesses herself a special enthusiast and distributor of Miss M., having once bought several copies of *Our Village* (with the Hugh Thomson illustrations) at a remainder sale for 10 cents each. She quotes the gratitude of friends to whom she sent copies. And Mrs. Hall notes that just before our paragraph appeared the ladies' literary club of Durham, N. C., enjoyed a report on that book by one of the members.

DRAWING BY GEORGE MORROW
From "Country Stories" by Miss Mitford.

It almost tempts one to ask whether anyone is reading Galt's *Annals of the Parish*, the publication of which preceded the *Our Village* sketches by just a few years.

A Design for College Presidents

Johns Hopkins University is fortunate in its new president, the noted geographer Isaiah Bowman; and it is sad to think that by praising his new book (which we do, most heartily) we probably add to his burdens; such burdens as high competence brings on a worker in any field. For there can be no question that if his *A Design for Scholarship* (Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore; $1.75) reaches the public it deserves President Bowman will be even more beset with invitations to speak at other colleges and universities. This little volume, a collection of addresses made at various gatherings of learning (Johns Hopkins itself, Bryn Mawr, the University of Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, M. I. T., the Association for the Advancement of Science, etc.) is a model of its kind. Each one of Dr. Bowman's talks is wholesome with charm and vigor, with both gaiety and high purpose, and salted with a rich and miscellaneous learning. A great reader, a far traveller, a sagacious and humane observer, Bowman has the rare touch for

(*Continued on page* 16)

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WHY KEEP THEM ALIVE?

by PAUL de KRUIF

author of
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4. THE POWER OF SCIENCE WITHOUT MONEY—The law of the survival of the fittest would be a fine rule to live by if you really knew who was fit to survive. Is having enough money the answer?

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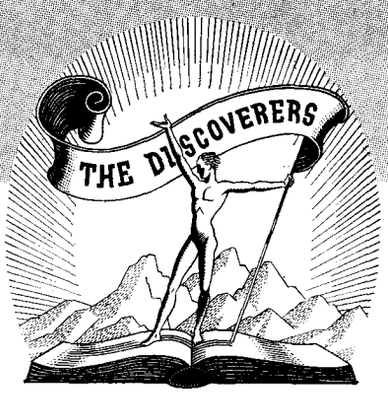

The Situation

GOOD WRITING is being done these days in America, as well as some that is not so good. An enormous amount of both is published in book form. When the first novel of a genuine and original talent appears, it travels a long and circuitous route from the publisher's warehouse, through the chaos of good and bad writing, into the hands of those persons who ultimately discover that they want it and enjoy it. One sees an exciting review of a new book, decides to read it and mentally ties a string on one's finger. Then one struggles against mnemonic lapses and is forced to muster considerable initiative before one actually remembers to buy it.

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A Word about the Publishers

THOUGH it is true that the books sent to *The Discoverers* will be selected from the output of one house, it is the same publisher who found and presented such discoveries as *February Hill* by Victoria Lincoln, *Anthony Adverse* by Hervey Allen, *Deep Dark River* by Robert Rylee, *Stars Fell on Alabama* by Carl Carmer, *The Sea Witch* by Alexander Laing, *The Incredible Marquis* by Herbert Gorman, *The Cautious Amorist* by Norman Lindsay, *The Answering Glory* by R. C. Hutchinson, *The Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly, *Land of Plenty* by Robert Cantwell, *Arctic Adventure* by Peter Freuchen, *The Folks* by Ruth Suckow, and *Finnley Wren* by Philip Wylie. As you undoubtedly know, many of these did not remain secrets; were selected by Book Clubs and were widely appreciated.

Under this plan, the books selected will be the most interesting and original manuscripts that we have been able to find. They will either be the first work of an author, the first book of an author to be published in America, or a completely new departure for a writer of established reputation. Some of *The Discoverers'* books will be non-fiction, and at rare intervals, where the temptation is forgivably strong, we may issue a long narrative poem, like *Conquistador* or *John Brown's Body.* But most important—they will be books that cause an unmistakable sense of excitement to sweep our editorial offices.

Had this plan been in operation during the past few months, you would have received autographed, first-edition, numbered copies of such distinguished books as INNOCENT SUMMER by Frances Frost, which *The N. Y. Times* called: "An original, sensitive and moving book"; OLD MAN GREENLAW by Kenneth Payson Kempton, about which *The Boston Herald* said: "Its primitive and salty humor is that of life itself. Distinctly a novel of today, with a flavor all its own"; and FISH ON THE STEEPLE by Ed Bell, about which Sterling North of *The Chicago News* said: "A discovery, Ladies and Gentlemen! A New, Exciting Novel. Nothing Less! We vote this book the most delightfully fresh and stimulating first novel of the year. It sings, swears, capers and dances through 312 sparkling pages!"

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Here is a book that will excite a contagion of laughter, aston-

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The Discoverers

The first book for

The Discoverers

LOCOS: *An author at the mercy of his characters*

BY FELIPE ALFAU

"It's as original as a kangaroo"
—STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

ishment and appreciation. We believe that not since Aldous Huxley's *Limbo* has there been a book as devastating, humorous and exotic. *Stephen Vincent Benét,* who happened to read the manuscript, said, "It's as original as a kangaroo."

The author, Felipe Alfau, is a young Spanish gentleman who, like his illustrious countryman *George Santayana,* came to America at an early age and prefers to write in English.

The Discoverers' edition of this first selection will be limited to 1250 numbered copies, which will be signed by the author.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ernst Wiechert was born a forester's son in East Germany. He has written short stories, novels and plays, winning the Wilhelm Raabe Folk-Prize and the Schunemann Prize. *Die Majorin,* already translated into 7 languages and here published in English as THE BARONESS, achieved for him the position he now occupies as one of the most widely read and distinguished of European novelists.

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A Family through a Century

THE YANKEE BODLEYS. By Naomi Lane Babson. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE MORRISON

NAOMI LANE BABSON

THIS admirable novel, as nearly as any good book can, should appeal to the innate appetite of most readers for universality. "The Yankee Bodleys" finds the universal where it should be found, in a very particular family living in a very particular place, Cape Ann, in Massachusetts; a family that talks Yankee idiom, thinks Yankee thoughts, marries, dies, labors, quarrels, and suffers according to the ways of a tribe and the changes and moral climate of a small region during the better part of a century. But universal the book certainly is. Loves, jealousies, pleasures, and losses; the one way of being born into life, varying only as it is piously sanctioned or piously gossiped about; the many ways of getting out, which all end in one common finality; the lively and eager sense of the future, the solitary and heartrending sense of the past; this is the stuff of which "The Yankee Bodleys" is made.

This is Mrs. Babson's first novel, and as such it is surprisingly mature. I can see only one source of misgiving about Mrs. Babson's future, and one complaint with the book, one point at which the hand of the amateur may be detected. A century of time and four or five generations of people make a good deal of material for a single volume of ordinary size. One of the Bodleys complains, at some point in the story, that the family seems to be running out. The descendants of Adelia and Horatio are not recruiting the numbers of the clan. This is too bad for the Bodleys, but good luck for the reader. I found it hard enough to keep four generations of them distinct, especially when family names, Gamaliel, Serena, Deborah, and the rest, began to reappear in successive litters of cousins. The book, after a time, threatens to become the story of generations rather than of people, of change rather than of characters.

Will Mrs. Babson have any material left to write about after this book? That is the misgiving one feels at the end of "The Yankee Bodleys." If she has, and God forbid that she shouldn't, I hope that she will again take toward her material an attitude as wise, as understanding, shall we say as *reconciled,* as in this book. We have nowadays writers of fiction who take every attitude toward their material except that of sympathy. They use their material to browbeat the reader into a state of indignation with society, or to work off on him some other mood of the times. Mrs. Babson has few indignations; or if she has, she conceals them. She likes her people without condoning them. When they act from spite, hypocrisy, or cowardice, she does not disguise their delinquency; neither does she apologize for it. Much of their lives is passed under the influence of sexual appetite or timidity or jealousy. Mrs. Babson understands them, and represents their outward behaviour and their inward impulses with honesty and with knowledge, but without display, without false glamor, without turning aside for condemnation or defense.

The sense of change in the book is, properly, a sense of loss and of tragedy, of the ultimate sorrow of things. Mrs. Babson has a gift of pathos which is quite without sentimentality; two or three scenes in "The Yankee Bodleys" will not easily give up their hold on the mind.

Theodore Morrison is an instructor in English at Harvard University, and is the author of several volumes of verse; his latest book is "Notes of Death and Life."

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

this kind of essay. We adjure the various academies to restrain their natural eagerness to solicit him for speech; universities are perennially loquacious; let them buy and contemplate his book instead and give him his chance to get on with his big exciting job in Baltimore.

Part of our own job, though ill accomplished, is to keep an occasional eye upon the outputtings of the university presses. If a father wants a stimulating book for a son at college, or an alumnus cares to make a small gift to his college library, or a college president would like a fireside companion for the scant and late hours that are his own, try *A Design for Scholarship.*

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The Fatal Years

THE EVE OF 1914. By Theodor Wolff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $4.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY B. FAY

THIS is an excellent translation of "Der Krieg des Pontius Pilatus," which was published a couple of years ago. Its distinguished author, now an exile from Germany, was at one time Paris correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and then editor of that great liberal daily from 1906 to 1933. He had abundant opportunity for intimate contacts with diplomatic personages of many lands, and like a shrewd journalist absorbed a great deal of inside information. In this volume he gives a vivid, spicily written, and generally fair-minded account of the fatal events from 1911 to 1914 which culminated in the World War. It is journalism of the highest quality, very readable, rich in literary allusion, and based more on personal information, the psychology of mankind, and on memoirs than on a close study of the more prosaic and tedious mountains of diplomatic documents. One gets the feeling of being on intimate speaking terms with many of the great ones in frock coats and uniforms who were responsible for the final terrible catastrophe. As he skips lightly from the dissection of one personality to another and passes from one dramatic scene to the next, one sees the figures moving across the stage to their doom as in a Greek tragedy.

The last third of this volume, in which Editor Wolff describes his own activities and personal impressions during the weeks just before the war, constitutes the most valuable and interesting part of the book. He explains how on May 21 he was invited by Baron von Stumm of the Foreign Office to expose in the *Tageblatt* the secret of the negotiations for an Anglo-Russian naval agreement, of which the German Government had secretly learned through Baron Siebert of the Russian Embassy in London. At the moment that Austria presented her ultimatum to Serbia he was with his family at the seashore in Holland, when he was urged by the Foreign Office to return to Berlin at once. On arriving he found that his newspaper had not lived up to his editorial injunction to caution but was giving too much support to Austria. During the following hectic week he visited the Foreign Office daily, often several times a day, and analyzes vividly the psychology of the helpless over-optimism of its inmates and of the excited street crowds whom he met on his way. Especially notable is his conversation with Bethmann-Hollweg some months later in which the grief-stricken Chancellor revealed his poignant suffering at the failure of his efforts for peace.

Sidney B. Fay is professor of history at Harvard. His "Origins of the World War" is the authoritative work in its field.

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Directors and Misdirectors

RULERS OF AMERICA. By Anna Rochester. New York: International Publishers. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by E. D. KENNEDY

IF a pacifist were to write a treatise on 18-inch guns, his objection to heavy artillery would be colored by his objection to weapons of any description. When a radical writer bases a study of the connection between large American banking houses and correspondingly large American corporations on "the economic and political teachings of Marx as developed for the imperialist era by Lenin," her thinking is conditioned by her hostility to private property, the profit system, the position of labor and capitalism in general. Thus Miss Anna Rochester, attempting a restrained, factual, documented study of America's progress toward the complete Capitalist State, handles her material with an intemperate emotionalism that prohibits any scientific spirit of inquiry. She has, for instance, a weakness toward the use of the word "notorious." She refers, almost casually, to the notorious Charles Mitchell, to the Liberty League as supported by men whose anti-union policies are notorious, to the Mellons as having notoriously refused to make adequate contributions to the Pittsburgh Community Chest, to the notorious propaganda of public utility companies, to NRA as having notoriously backed down before open shop corporations. A good example of notorious (with context) is seen in the observation that

> Rockefeller philanthropy and systematic publicity, put over by the late notorious Ivy Lee, have built up a picture of kindliness and generosity which cannot fool the rank and file workers who are sweating to build up the Rockefeller wealth.

There is certainly no reason why a radical writer should not be entitled to speak her mind about bankers and industrialists. But Miss Rochester sees the capitalist evil only in the oversimplified, melodramatic terms of a physical devil with horns, tail, and pitchfork.

The rulers of America, as Miss Rochester defines them, are large industrial-bankers and large banking-industrialists whose ramifications extend through every branch of American industry. The Morgan interests, the Mellon interests, and the Rockefeller interests are the particular objects of attack. By an elaborate technique of listing interlocking directorates, Miss Rochester concludes that Morgan interests reach 362 corporations with assets of more than seventy-seven billion dollars; that Rockefeller influence reaches 227 companies with assets of nearly forty-five billion dollars; and that Mellon influence reaches 118 companies with assets of some seventeen billion dollars. After showing how interests influence corporations, Miss Rochester presents brief sketches of several key industries. Here she reverses the process, listing the corporations and going back to the interests behind them. Concluding chapters give the history of American foreign investments in twenty-four pages, sum up the Depression in fourteen pages, and discuss the problem of "Will the Rulers Maintain Their Power?" in six pages. Miss Rochester says that "present trends foreshadow a revolutionary crisis at some future date."

It is obvious that a discussion of Morgan (or any other) interest depends upon the extent to which the banking house influences the corporations associated with it. Miss Rochester begins by listing corporations who have on their directorate a Morgan partner. Then she adds companies who have as a director anyone who is a director or an officer of the First National Bank or of Bonbright & Co. Next she lists companies which keep some of their cash on deposit with J. P. Morgan & Co., First National, or Bonbright. By this time her position is becoming distinctly insecure, for the fact that a corporation may have a balance in a "Morgan" institution does not establish it, in any significant sense, as a Morgan company. For instance, this classification includes the American Tobacco Co., Bethlehem Steel, and Eastman Kodak in a grouping at which Mr. George Washington Hill, Mr. Charles Schwab, and the late George Eastman would certainly protest. It also includes E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co., which the du Pont family probably imagines is controlled by the du Ponts and the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. It is really tearing a passion to tatters to put John D. Rockefeller's original Standard Oil trust into a Morgan sphere because the New Jersey company may keep a balance in a Morgan vault. Of course Miss Rochester realizes that Standard of New Jersey is primarily a Rockefeller company and it also appears, in full force, under the Rockefeller listings. American Telephone & Telegraph Co. also appears under both the Rockefeller and the Morgan influence and its $4,235,000,000 of assets help mightily to swell both totals. But when Miss Rochester sets up a Morgan influence in a company which, like Standard of New Jersey, is so emphatically not a Morgan company in any proper sense, it is difficult to accept her ticketing in many other cases in which no more substantial connections are established.

Miss Rochester has still another Morgan classification, made up of companies whose directorate includes a "Morgan man" (not a Morgan partner) from Bankers' Trust, Guaranty Trust, Chase National, or National City banks. Here Miss Rochester overestimates the influence of a director, also the influence of a commercial bank, and follows her thesis through several removes from reality. Many of the officers of these Class IV Morgan companies are also directors of other corporations, and Miss Rochester could have added several hundred additional companies to the "interest" if she had pushed her interlocking directorates through one more step. She does come close to this fifth step in discussing the Rockefeller interests by counting as

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Rockefeller corporations various companies who have as directors anyone who is a director or officer of the many Standard Oil companies which now function as separated successors to the old petroleum trust.

In making specific listings of influence, Miss Rochester distinguishes between inner and outer spheres of influence and distinguishes between influence and control. But the reader is certain to remember the tags without the qualifications and emerge with the impression that the companies cited belong to Morgan or Mellon or Rockefeller in a significant and inimical sense. To this objection Miss Rochester replies that she is not responsible for errors made by careless readers. But Professor Colston E. Warne of Amherst, praising Miss Rochester's book in the February *Book Union Bulletin*, says it has "broken down the isolation established by the fiction of the corporation—a fiction which has long caused individuals to differentiate between J. P. Morgan & Co., Bankers Trust Co., United Corp. and United States Steel Corp. . . . in the future these (and their numerous sister corporations) will appropriately be sifted into their place as parts of an empire." Professor Warne has specified companies in which the Morgan influence is most obvious, but a great deal more than a corporate fiction differentiates between companies such as Koppers Co., Continental Can, American Can, du Pont, American Tobacco, Eastman Kodak, Procter & Gamble, Radio Corp., and many other members of the Morgan sisterhood. And Professor Warne, presumably no careless reader, has carried Miss Rochester's implications to their logical conclusion with the reference to "parts of an empire"—a reference which certainly suggests influence of the strongest kind. When Miss Rochester was asked why, if she conceded that many of her "influences" in no way constituted control, she had called her study *rulers* of America, she replied with the amazing answer that she "had to have a title."

It is altogether possible to argue that in this country the concentration of credit in the hands of a few large financing companies and the concentration of production in the hands of a few hundred large industrial concerns constitutes an evil—although, from anything but a strictly Marxist standpoint, it does not constitute an unmixed evil. But Miss Rochester's study is a case of special pleading behind a superficial appearance of heavily documented fact. In the course of demonstrating the point that "large corporations and their executives dictate the policies of government," she says:

> that the Morgan firm has had a considerable part, both direct and indirect, in the shaping of government policy and the molding of popular thought, is fairly obvious. They (the Morgans) are personally represented by several partners in the New York State Chamber of Commerce, of which Junius S. Morgan, junior, is treasurer.

Aside from the fact that it would be difficult for the Morgans to be impersonally represented by partners of the firm, their Chamber of Commerce membership hardly establishes their position as shapers of American thought.

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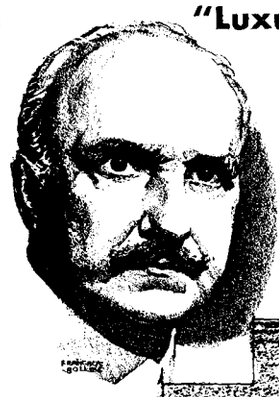

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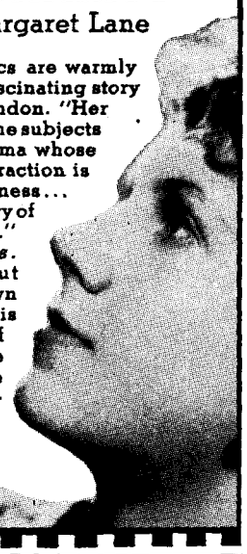
FAITH, HOPE NO CHARITY

By Margaret Lane



American critics are warmly praising this fascinating story of Cockney London. "Her characters are the subjects of a human drama whose outstanding attraction is its quiet naturalness . . . and the gallantry of the individuals." — *N. Y. Times.* "When you put the novel down you feel that it is the humanity of human nature that keeps the world going." — *N. Y. Sun.*

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A Great Man in Eclipse

THE ARCHITECTURE OF H. H. RICHARDSON AND HIS TIMES. By Henry Russell Hitchcock, Jr. New York: Museum of Modern Art. 1936. $6.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II

IN architecture as in no other art is the taste of any age expressed, and Mr. Hitchcock has done a very great service in presenting both to the public and to the architectural profession the history of Richardson's time as reflected in the work of the greatest of its architects. Mr. Hitchcock does not pretend that this is a biography, although the bare facts of Richardson's life are given; the book is what its title describes it to be, a study of Richardson's time, with especial reference to the formative influences of his youth, and to the influence which in his maturity he in turn exercised upon his contemporaries and successors.

In the main it is a very satisfactory book, although the illustrations fall far short of what they might be (probably because the author has chosen contemporary photographs so far as they existed), and although the author has not apprehended exactly the qualities which made Richardson great. There are also substantial grounds for difference with the author on his opinions as to design, with which few architects of even the most catholic views will entirely concur.

But these are minor defects in a work in which so great a mass of apparently unrelated facts have been patiently discovered and assembled in a way so lucid and so simple that we can understand the difficulties under which Richardson labored and the magnitude of his achievement.

When he began to work, American architecture had reached its nadir. It was incredibly debased. There was literally nothing in contemporary American architecture which was useful to him, and he was forced, as much as any architect can be forced, to create for himself out of whole cloth as it were. The old Colonial architecture, which in my time had acquired respect through the mere fact of its age, must have seemed to Richardson what Richardson's architecture now seems to us, a past and outmoded fashion rather than a well of living inspiration. He, therefore, found himself compelled, if he were to do honest, decent, and sincere work, to develop a new style for himself, a thing thought to be impossible but in which he succeeded. His buildings are frequently said to be "Romanesque" although beyond his use of heavy round arches and columns shorter than the ordinary, there was lit-

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SLEEPING DEATH *G. D. H. and Margaret Cole* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nasty little girl properly poisoned at ultra-modern English school. Everard Blatchington discovers—and disposes of—poisoner.	Antics of pupils and mentors portrayed with so much humor and wisdom that "pat" solution doesn't matter much.	Veddy naice
THE CRIMSON PATCH *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Radio star with lurid past killed in Cape Cod farmhouse. Asey Mayo is called in.	Story is so full of plot it gets bogged down early and even the peerless Asey can't move it.	Disappointing
GOING TO ST. IVES *Colver Harris* (Macrae, Smith: $2)	Dead scholar in Baltimore church involves intruding school-marm in pk. of trouble. Sleuth Tim Fowler unravels it.	Yarn begins well but motives and emotions get so tarnally tangled that solution doesn't make much sense.	Nope
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS MURDER *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	False-whiskered corpse in oriental museum stumps 3 London police experts but Dr. Fell solves puzzle sitting down.	Cleverly engineered solution of intricate and involved mystery hindered by ultra-fantastic trappings and too much needless junk.	Annoying
THE PUZZLE OF THE RED STALLION *Stuart Palmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hildegarde Withers leads Oscar Piper to shotgun murderer via body found on Central Park bridle path.	Commonplace clues, plus horses, relatives, red herrings, and trips to Westchester, lead to cooked up denouement.	Hildegarde getting dull
MANHATTAN MURDER *Arthur Train* (Scribners: $2.50.)	Gang murder of N. Y. police inspector sets his son on torrid trail which leads to snatching and holocaust.	Ordinary gang plot, with Park Ave. love interest, and N. Y.'s finest at work, but the movies could do it better.	Hollywood bound

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tle in common between his work and the traditional. Rather were his contemporaries right when they called it "Richardsonian," for it was a personal style, not fully attuned to the changing character of his times and like all intensely personal things, impossible to copy. The external characteristics can be followed but not the vital intelligence, the warm power of the man.

So with Richardson; less through the errors in his work (and it was not free from error) than through the failure of his imitators, the Richardsonian style has fallen into somewhat contemptuous disfavor, although the greatness of the man is still grudgingly admitted. We realize that his art must have had in it something infinitely enriching and satisfying to the spiritual needs of his own day, and to that day we are still too close for any reasonable appraisal of the absolute merit of his work; we see what he was trying to accomplish—no, what he did accomplish as through a glass, darkly. He was primarily a romantic, working with methods and materials which, if not already obsolete, were soon so to become, so that his influence is today almost negligible, while that of other great men of his time, Charles F. McKim, George B. Post, Richard Morris Hunt, who adhered more closely to the classic tradition, prepared the way for the so-called modern school, which could have sprung only from classic and not from the romantic style which was the normal expression of Richardson's feeling for design. Yet as his grandson, himself a worthy inheritor of his ancestor's trade, has pointed out, the modern school is or has become romantic.

The value of Richardson's work is, therefore, largely indirect; he has not, like McKim, Mead and White, furnished us with a style imitable by any architect of taste who possesses a good book on the classic order; rather his work has taught both boldness and care; boldness in conception, and exceeding care in execution. Today we build very few buildings of solid masonry, and the more obvious characteristics of Richardson's work, the rough crude stone work and the heavy low arches will perhaps never again be used; but a faultless sense of scale like his will never be valueless. It was this quality of his design even more than the courage of his attack which marks his work as great.

Mr. Embury, a practising architect in New York, formerly taught architecture at Princeton.

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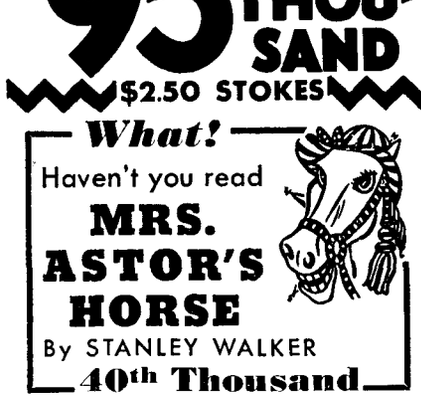

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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

MICROBE HUNTERS. By Paul De Kruif. *Harcourt, Brace.*

MISS LULU BETT. By Zona Gale. *Appleton-Century.*

BLOSSOMING ANTLERS. By Winifred Welles. *Viking.*

For a Club of Young Women

M. F. of St. John, N. B., *is to give a talk before a group of young women and wishes to discuss some of the Spring books. She asks for a list that will be of interest to girls of twenty or thereabouts.*

THERE is a group of books which I should think would prove engaging to a club such as she describes, for young women in their twenties are, I think, in a mood to read of others of their sex who have achieved prominence or lived under conditions somewhat unusual. Among recent or prospective volumes are Pearl Buck's charming biography of her mother, THE EXILE (Day), the portrayal of a life lived among missionary circles in China; Tatiana Tchernavin's WE SOVIET WOMEN (Dutton), in which the workings of the Russian state are described in their incidence on the fair sex; Blanche Colton Williams's forthcoming life of GEORGE ELIOT (Macmillan), and Dorothy Sayers's GAUDY NIGHT (Harcourt, Brace). This last, a mystery story in which the author again shows that she is increasingly becoming interested in the straight novel rather than the detective tale, plays against the background of an Oxford college, has a predominantly feminine cast, and can lay claim to some of the most brilliant dialogue which has seen the light of print for many a day. There is a lengthy Russian novel to be issued before long by Longmans, Green, DARKNESS AND DAWN, by Alexei Tolstoy, a story beginning in pre-Revolutionary days and running up to the opening of the Soviet regime, which is really a pageant of Russian history during that period of years, given unity by being carried on the thread of the fortunes of two sisters. It would, I think, afford interesting opportunity for comment, since it offers a chance for the discussion of the genesis and progress of the Russian experiment and gives an excuse for mention of a great many recent books on Russia's development. Incidentally, if she does enter on this subject M. F. should not fail to make mention of SOVIET COMMUNISM (Scribners), by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. These two stout volumes are not, to be sure, likely to be the selection of the average young person, but they are of so excellent a nature and by such uniquely fitted writers that they ought to have their existence bruited abroad.

I have, as it is plain to see, by this time forgotten that I was selecting books that had a particular concern with women. It's all foolishness, anyway, and a purely artificial distinction I was making, decided upon simply because it was an easy way of sliding into my list. (An honest confession is good for the soul.) So to continue on another tack. M. F., if she has not already talked to her club about Sinclair Lewis's IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE (Doubleday, Doran) should by all means do so, though it is a book that should be classified with the winter not the spring publications. Here is a novel which is provocative and suggestive, that has something to say to every American, and which can be quoted as evidence to the contrary when the possibility of America going fascist is scoffed out of conversation.

I was about to recommend Arnold Zweig's EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN (Viking), which carries on the SERGEANT GRISCHA chronicle, when I remembered that it had been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for an as yet indefinite release date. It should be published, however, before spring has turned to summer, and whenever it appears it is a book to read, for it has the same moving and impressive qualities as the earlier volume. One more book, before I leave fiction for other works, and that is George Santayana's THE LAST PURITAN (Scribners), a work which was awaited with the greatest eagerness by those who were familiar with the author's philosophical writings and which to the delighted surprise of that circle has marched on to popular success. I said I was through with fiction, but I forgot when I said it that Elswyth Thane's YOUNG MR. DISRAELI (Harcourt, Brace) was fictionized biography. It's a delightful book, full of vivid incident.

To pass into an entirely different field —that of international affairs, there's a most interesting description of European personalities and peoples of today in the shape of John Gunther's spirited INSIDE EUROPE (Harpers) and a lively personal chronicle that travels into various corners of the globe in Negley Farson's THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR (Harcourt, Brace). If M. F. wants to prescribe reading that will spread over a long period of time she should make mention of the three volumes of A HISTORY OF EUROPE (Houghton Mifflin), by H. A. L. Fisher, the last of which has just appeared, and which together constitute a set which would lend distinction to any library. And now one last book, despite the stirrings of a conviction that we ought to be chary in *The Saturday Review* of mention of works of any of our staff I feel ought not to be omitted,—Henry Seidel Canby's ALMA MATER (Farrar & Rinehart). M. F. will find, I think, that it has interest for a generation of college youth that knows other days and other ways from those described in it.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE GENERAL. By C. S. Forester, Little, Brown. 1936. $2.50.

Herbert Curzon owed his rise in the Great War (from major of cavalry to major-general of Division) partly to his having married a Duke's daughter and partly to the fact that he was a ruthlessly efficient officer. But he loved the Duke's daughter, and to his ruthlessness must be added the qualities of probity and courage. He was ambitious and he played politics: but his ambition was not altogether selfish, and he played politics because generals must. In other words, it would be impossible to say anything definite about General Curzon except that he sent thousands upon thousands of men to death with great forcefulness and without a qualm.

The indecision which marks Mr. Forester's handling of General Curzon extends itself, unfortunately, to the farthest corners of his novel. Is he attacking the military caste? Or is he merely dissecting it? Does he entertain any view upon war stronger than that of dislike? An occasional gleam of bitter irony intensifies, rather than diminishes, one's fog of doubt.

Readers of "The African Queen" will remember that Mr. Forester is a very capable novelist. He may even be capable of writing a novel about war, a subject which has become extremely difficult, because it has been handled so often and successfully. In "The General," however, he appears to have disembowelled his characters in order to fill them with the straw of argument; for "The General" is a thesis novel, and its characters are purely expository. If he had supplied his thesis with passion and a point of view, it might well have been a satisfying piece of work; but a lack of these desirable, not to say indispensable, elements is—one is sorry to report—its most distinguishing characteristic.

G. D.

THE THREE FRIENDS. By Norman Collins. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

Despite the fervid eulogy of the ever-enthusiastic Mr. Gerald Gould, that voluminous English reviewer, we don't think the Mr. Birdie of this story rates with H. G. Wells's Mr. Polly or even with Arnold Bennett's "the card." Here is a freshly written, plausible, and—in the case of Mr. Birdie, who is the chief character—quite moving novel of three commercial travellers. It is also the story of a hard-working little man who lost his job through no fault of his own save advancing age. We have not here the blastingly bitter tragedy of a "Little Man, What Now?" though we have well portrayed one of those minor tragedies of life which aren't really minor at all, and constitute today, in bulk, one of the many indictments against the existing economic system. But this is in no sense a novel of propaganda; it is the story of three pretty average men. One of them (again Mr. Birdie) a thoroughly good though ineffectual soul, the other two examples of the average sensual man, not without genial qualities. Mr. Collins, too, is fortunate in his depiction of the women in the story.

"The Three Friends" is a good "slice of life," written with humor and unsentimental pathos, though we cannot feel that Norman Collins is yet a major writer. But he is a writer who constructs well and has shrewdly observed various types. Also he knows all about the life of the bagman in England. We should set "The Three Friends" down as a good minor novel which holds your interest—and not much more than that. The life it reveals is rather dismal, but the writer's strong sympathy with all kinds of minor people lends it vividness, and he has a crisp manner of writing. Mr. Collins is a man worth watching.

W. R. B.

THE HOUSE OF THE SPANIARD. By Arthur Behrend. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

Here is a tale full of action and suspense. It is the story of a young man whose curiosity about a lonely house in a marsh leads him into a long chain of adventures. He is one of those credulous, heedless, and chivalrous young men who in older days would have found himself among the Jacobites or the Carbonari; remarkable to say, Mr. Behrend has found for him here in our own time, a romantic cause, and romantic situations. The house in the marsh, guarded by fierce dogs and rough men, is only a prelude that leads to Spain and political intrigue.

The story is built up with careful accuracy of detail and there are some excellently vivid bits of descriptive writing. The characters have the emotional naïveté usual in this kind of adventure novel, but it does not matter, since they exist simply to tumble in and out of the troubles that Mr. Behrend has been ingenious in supplying.

C. C.

Travel

VOYAGE TO GALAPAGOS. By William Albert Robinson. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $3.

On his second major voyage Robinson sailed from New York through hurricane and revolution, through disaster in the jungle, with his wife and cousin to the Galapagos Islands. But he skirted the hurricane and the revolution, and after salvaging his boat from the treacherous Sambu River came straight into the clutches of appendicitis at Albemarle. That is, in brief, the story of his journey. The newspapers have with various degrees of inaccuracy described the rest of it, his acquaintance with the mad colonists of Floreana Island, and his rescue from death by acute appendicitis a thousand miles from the nearest aid. But be-

(*Continued on page* 26)

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The Amen Corner

"Forewarned, forearmed."—*The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs.*[1]

Though nothing should surprise anyone, events in these times are so very surprising on the surface sometimes that only the man who is forewarned by reading expert accounts can really keep the thread of world affairs.

The Oxonian naturally turns to the library of the Oxford University Press.[2] And where could anyone better turn? With their branches throughout the world,[3] and as publishers to the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and many lesser institutions of wide geographical and political distribution, they draw upon unrivaled sources.

There are Oxford books on almost any particular question, as for instance the obvious one of Abyssinia. There are the *History of Abyssinia* by A. H. M. Jones and Elizabeth Monroe[4] ("an admirable pocket history," says the *New York Herald Tribune;* and then, condescendingly, "rather unexpectedly interesting"!), and the three informative factual pamphlets *Abyssinia and Italy,*[5] *Sanctions,*[6] and *The Economic and Financial Position of Italy.*[6]

But the student of world affairs will find himself feeling like the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe if he concentrates too exclusively on any one problem. The books which take in the whole world are the absolutely indispensable ones. In this category the annual *Survey of International Affairs* by Professor Arnold J. Toynbee,[7] and its companion *Documents on International Affairs,* edited by John W. Wheeler-Bennett[7] are outstanding. The last *Survey,* in which Europe significantly yields first place, in addition to the usual world view, specially brings up to date the international history of the Middle East; while the *Documents* volume includes statements on International Monetary Policy, the Philippine Islands, the United States and Cuba, the United States and Japan, and many other topics.

More special problems—but still world problems—are dealt with in *Eastern Industrialization and Its Effect on the West,* by G. E. Hubbard,[8] *The Measurement of Population Growth,* by Robert R. Kuczinski[9] *Labour in Agriculture,* by Louise E. Howard,[8] and *Unemployment: An International Problem*[10]—an important survey by a group of experts.

"Forewarned is fore-*disarmed*," says every intelligent analyst of the world situation; yet for obvious reasons the nations have not yet been able to act on the advice. *Geographic Disarmament,* A Study of Regional Demilitarization, by Major-General J. H. Marshall-Cornwall,[11] approaches the problem from an angle that will be new to most people.

If you want the philosophical background of what is happening you will be wise to read Professor Toynbee's *A Study of History* of which three volumes[12] have appeared. "The change in method, outlook, categories and general frame of reference marked by this work may prove as important as that marked by Einstein in physics," says *The New Republic*—and

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $6.50. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) Oxford, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Melbourne, Capetown, Toronto, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Shanghai, and *New York.* (4) $2.25. (5) 75c. (6) 85c. (7) 1934. $10.00. (8) $7.00. (9) $4.00. (10) $10.00. (11) $5.00. (12) $17.50.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD QUERCUS, going on the road for a brief Trade Survey, feels all the candors of valediction. ☞What a pity that excellent omnibus volume, *The Family Mark Twain,* omitted the one thing of Mark's we always wish to reread towards March 15, his Letter to Queen Victoria about the Income Tax. ☞As for the Jumping Frog, which people always pretend to think so amusing, it's exactly what Mark called it, a "villainous backwoods sketch." ☞Santayana said once (in this very magazine, if we recall) that the Three R's of modern history were the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Revolution. ☞The contemporary Three R's are Racketeering, Radio, and Relief.

☞We like the title of a book announced by Houghton Mifflin, *How To Run a Bassoon Factory* by Mark Spade—a skit on tycoonery. ☞An old book we were once fond of was Reflections of a Bass Drum Player, by "Dr. Bombo" (1904). ☞Ted Lilienthal of Gelber-Lilienthal, San Francisco, writes that they have already sold (at $7.50) 260 of the 300 copies of *Robinson Jeffers and the Sea*—a study by Melba B. Bennett of the influence of ocean on the poet's writing and feeling. The book was printed by Grabhorn.

☞Those who might really be interested can get Blake's large six-penny catalogue of boats and rentals *Norfolk Broads Holidays Afloat.* It is published at Broadland House, 22 Newgate Street, London E.C. 1. ☞A book highly amusing and intelligent, and useful for all groups of stagestruck enthusiasts, is Van H. Cartmell's *Handbook for the Amateur Actor* (Doubleday, $1.50). It includes a one-act play with complete practical directions which will give the prentice more notion of stage business than five years reading Ibsen. ☞The centennial of the *Yale Literary Magazine* rounded up a good deal of publicity, but without altering Old Q's conviction that probably the two finest utterances directed at undergraduates, in recent years, were two rectorial addresses at St. Andrews University (Scotland). ☞One was by J. M. Barrie, in 1922, in the course of which he (or McConachie) said that if Bacon didn't write Shakespeare he missed the opportunty of his life. ☞The other was by Kipling, in 1923, and used the phrase "hot and bothered"—was that its first appearance? ☞Kipling said, among many shrewd things, "The sole revenge that Maturity can take upon Youth for the sin of being young, is to preach at it." ☞These two addresses were published by Scribners and Doubleday respectively.

☞The copy for Mr. Fadiman's piece in this issue was finished Monday, March 2, during the elevator strike in New York, and was delivered to the Sat. Rev. by being thrown to our messenger from Mr. F.'s ninth-floor window. ☞The National Assn. of Book Publishers calls attention to the list of Books for Lenten Reading (31 titles, or not quite a book a day) selected by William Lyon Phelps. The list is available at many bookstores and libraries.

☞Two pleasing anecdotes in the papers lately. One, familiar to old New Yorkers, the recollection of the late Mr. Frederick Van Wyck that when gondolas were first suggested for the lake in Central Park it was agreed to import eight from Venice. But one of the councilmen remarked naively, "Why buy eight? Why not get a pair and let nature take its course?" ☞The other, which would please Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Keats and all other celebrants of the most companionable of insects, is the formula worked out by a Kansas entomologist. He says that, above 50 degrees, the cricket is accurate as a thermometer. If x is the number of chirps per minute, then $\frac{x-40}{4} + 50 =$ the temperature Fahrenheit. (Like Old Q in his cabin, at less than 50° the cricket quits.)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
DEAD OR ALIVE *Patricia Wentworth* (Lippincott: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	At point of a pinch, cockney yeggs rub out Robin O'Hara, dick, but keep his frau in doubt for sinister motives. Widow's boy friend turns Hawkshaw and meal ticket.	Toupee Remover
HENRY THE SHERIFF *W. C. Tuttle* (Houghton Mifflin Co.: $2.)	Western	Politician West, Arizona big-shot, bounces honest Sheriff Henry and appoints henchman to further shady deals. Former officer jabs a righteous gat and winds up with glory and a widow.	Routine
MARRIAGE BY CONQUEST *Warwick Deeping* (McBride: $2.)	Love Story	"Never, never, Sir Richard Heron, shall I ever be yours—you louse," murmured the dazzling Stella Shenstone. The guy next door who knows his Milton carries the winning ticket.	Melo-Hammy

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The Compleat Collector

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In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Famous Dates

CHRONOLOGY OF BOOKS AND PRINTING. By David Greenhood and Helen Gentry. Revised edition. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.

THE first edition of this book appeared in 1933 from the Press of Helen Gentry in San Francisco, and was welcomed as a useful hand book for printers and writers. Some errors naturally crept in—it was not put forth as a complete and scholarly *opus*, but rather as a well-printed tentative attempt at listing important events in printing. The present revision may be taken as a more definite and substantial contribution.

The same arrangement has been kept: the dates are in the margins, and the events are chronicled in simple, almost colloquial, style. Happily enough, the chronology begins with the founding of the Alexandrian Library in the third century, B.C., and comes down to 1935. I have detected no major errors or omissions: the most serious item I would take exception to being the item about Gutenberg—that "his three prime printing inventions" were the press, the type-mould, and printing-ink. The type-mould he probably did invent, but the press and "viscous ink" were applications of existing devices and materials.

A list of Sources Consulted, a Conspectus of Type Design (adapted from the compilation by Mr. Porter Garnett), and an ample index, furnish this hand book with further valuable information. It should be on every writer's desk.

Mid-Western Printing

Mr. Carroll D. Coleman, from the Prairie Press at Muscatine, Iowa, has issued two slim volumes, "The Least of These," by Jay G. Sigmund, and "Elephants at War," by Thomas W. Duncan. They are excellent, workmanlike books, devoid of eccentricities, and selling for the very modest price of $2 each. Mr. Coleman tells me that they are hand-set, and printed on a very small job press—which is interesting, because such work can and should be done much more that way than is the case. What counts in the majority of books is not the size of the press or of the establishment, but an earnest desire on the part of the printer to use his facilities to advantage. Mr. Coleman has done this, and has sensibly decided to print mid-Western material. Such printing should be encouraged.

Index to the Colophon

INDEX. The Colophon 1930-35. *New York: Pynson Printers.* 1936. $2.60.

An index to the varied collection of essays, bibliographies, and reminiscences contained in the twenty parts of the *Colophon* has been a desideratum. The tables of contents of the separate parts were difficult to consult, and not arranged alphabetically. We now have the necessary index, which must prove invaluable to owners of the complete sets, and for that matter even to those who only possess a few copies, and to libraries: the edition of 1250 should disappear in short order. And the price seems extremely reasonable.

There is a delightful and intimate introduction by Mr. Winterich giving an account of the trials and triumphs of the five-year skirmish with Fate; and there is a minute record of types, papers, etc., appearing in the successive parts, by Mr. Beilenson. The arrangement and printing of the index proper might, I think, have been happier. Specifically, I do not like the current custom of giving the first and last pages of an entry (*e.g.*, "Century Guild Hobby Horse, 4. 5. 2-3."), and I believe that an index should contain as many entries to a page as is possible with a readable size type. An index ought to be as simple, direct, and compact as possible. But with these reservations the Index will prove invaluable to all the many readers who will use the *Colophon* for many years to come.

Of Books Received

A "First" of Sinclair Lewis. For an announcement of its seventh series, the Limited Editions Club has sent out an elaborate set of samples of forthcoming books. This prospectus will have some permanent value because of a "Note on

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Book Collecting" by Sinclair Lewis which serves as a preface.

Fac-simile. "The General Epistle of the Latter-Day Saints," the earliest example of printing in the present state of Nebraska (1847) has been printed in fac-simile, with an introduction by Douglas C. McMurtrie, by the Black Cat Press, Chicago.

Peter Timothy and B. Branklin. Peter Timothy was a printer in Charleston, S. C., son of Benjamin Franklin's partner in the Charleston printing-office. Four letters from him to Franklin (with whom he corresponded) are printed, with a foreword by Douglas C. McMurtrie, by the Black Cat Press, Chicago. The originals are in the Franklin papers owned by the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia.

The New Books

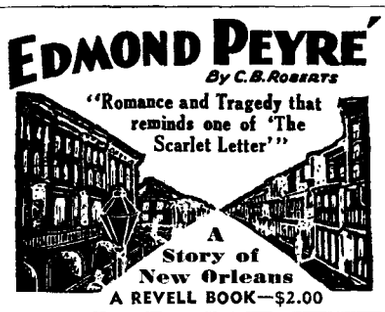
(*Continued from page 23*)

cause he is an honest fellow his story reads less vividly than theirs.

It is primarily the story of a thirty-two foot yacht, the same faithful boat with which a few years ago he circumnavigated the globe. The habitual reader of travel tales will at first be puzzled and then annoyed that throughout the book there is so little mention of other characters. The natives Robinson encounters are incidental; he has no more interest in them than their fee for service. Even his wife and cousin, his truly heroic companions, are lumped under an editorial "we." There are no faces and very few human adventures portrayed, but his lore of birds becomes lively under a sympathetic touch, with notes on guano and honey bears and terrific iguanas. Though Robinson is professedly no scientist he describes the intimate life of the diatom in a way to wring one's heart.

This is a better book than Robinson's previous "10,000 Leagues Over the Sea," because it is less pretentious. Judging by the text and its talk of scientific photography one would hope for better plates than those at the back of the book, with the exception of a single shot of gigantic iguanas. And it is possibly the fault of this reader that a few days after finishing the book he could recapture only an urge to read the seventeenth century chronicle of William Dampier, and to possess a small inarticulate honey bear.

H. D.



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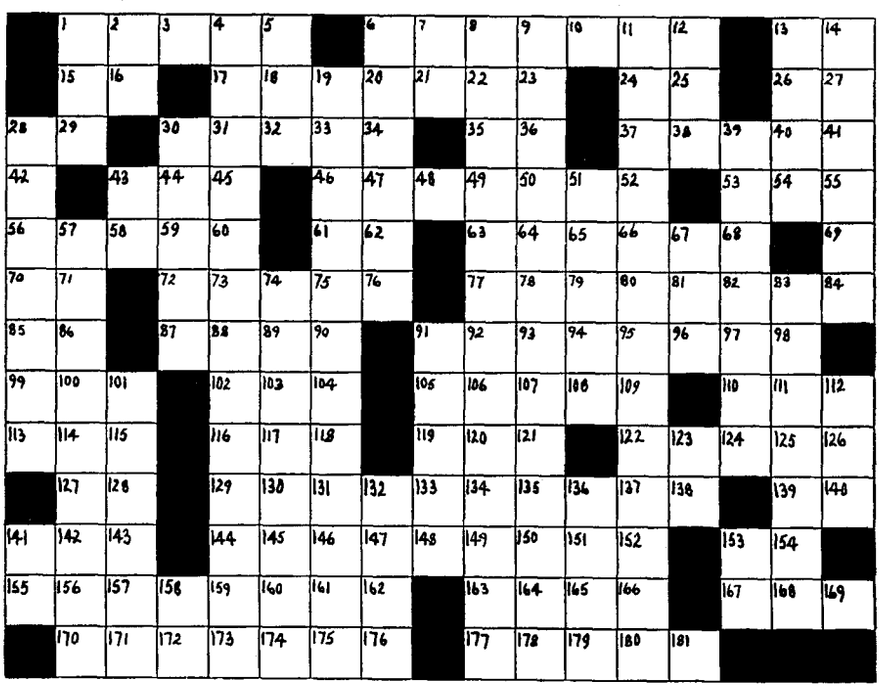
Double-Crostics: No. 102

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-eight words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 21 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. A pretender to wisdom.

II. Attentive, regardful.

III. Indian city of English mutiny (1857).

IV. Composer of "Mignon."

V. Sea eagle.

VI. Book by Sir Oliver Lodge.

VII. Purport.

VIII. Genuine; sincere.

IX. Curb.

X. Chief star in Scorpio.

XI. American editor, author, teacher (1827-1908).

XII. Doubly sharp (comp.).

XIII. To gape.

XIV. Greek goddess of the Rainbow.

XV. Ridge of hay for drying.

XVI. To originate; ascend.

XVII. Involuntary urge.

XVIII. Rubbish.

XIX. Obstruction of blood vessel.

XX. Musical response.

XXI. Timorous.

XXII. To repeat.

XXIII. Petty rebellion.

XXIV. Swedish author (1858—).

XXV. Author of "Dance of Life."

XXVI. Toward the stern.

XXVII. Indolent.

XXVIII. Being.

WORDS

163 78 151 58 68 37 12 169

38 181 147 101 7 167 86 109 48

123 72 85 105 92 17 26

120 168 156 15 28 142

115 88 106 45

114 116 16 30 130 128 77

132 175 21 112 173

64 20 87 171 148 6 97 161 42

179 133 124 176

153 14 165 103 57 36 121

100 113 76 70 61 54

55 170 178 81 138 98 8 118

143 122 129 46

96 146 119 71

108 127 84 162 63 99 177

134 67 59 150

3 149 172 60 19 23 155 73

74 82 159 65 33

126 90 35 140 180 24 104 157

9 117 29 13 18 44 89 137

25 166 83 174 141 31 1 95

53 144 56 160 136 10 75

158 49 43 152 125 102

5 47 32 111 50 40 22 62

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91 110 51 79 139

66 39 107 94 27 80 145 52

11 131 2 69 34 93

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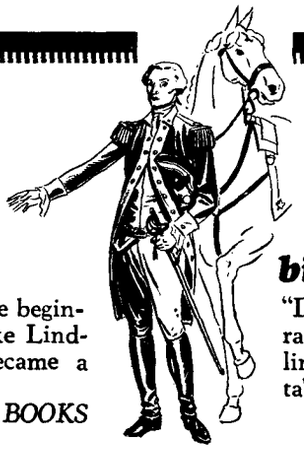

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